

Oxford Democrat.

Volume 7.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, May 5, 1840.

Number 38.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
Geo. W. Skiff.

TERMS AND PROVISIONS.

Terms—One dollar and fifty cents in advance—
one dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six
months; two dollars at the end of the year, to which
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MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

JUDITH BENSAIDOU.
A TALE.

[CONTINUED.]

I alone exercised any care over her. The
Captain and crew showed so little sympathy, that
I, in the fulness of mine, thought them brutally
indifferent: as if they considered the drowning
of a passenger an event rather to be expected
than lamented, and the grief of a lovely sister,
a womanish weakness scarcely deserving pity.

I have since learned to make allowance for the
circumstances, that whilst I had leisure to think
incessantly of Judith and her sufferings, they
had to busy themselves with their navigation, and
felt that the "poor girl," as they called her, might
be left to my willing and assiduous attentions.

Towards evening Judith could talk with me
somewhat freely of her misfortune.

"Oh, my friend," (said she at one time,) how
kind it was in God to send you along with us on
this fatal voyage. Dear, lost brother! if his de-
parted spirit can look back on the affairs of this
world, he must feel comforted to think that so
kind a friend was provided for his poor bereaved
sister. And my good father! bitter enough will
be the day when he shall hear that the best com-
fort of his old age is buried in the ocean; but
still more bitter would it be if it had been left
alone and friendless on the waves of a foreign
shore."

Here a gush of feeling interrupted her speech;
but she strove for self-command, and was soon
calmer again. "Then lifting her tearful eyes and
grief-worn countenance upon me, she continued:

"Mr. Garamé, I accept your offered protection—
I accept it gratefully: pardon me that I have
not expressed my gratitude and confidence in you
sooner. Indeed my feelings have been too strong
for utterance. Now I can say that I feel as much
as my bruised heart capable of feeling—yes, I
do feel that you are truly my friend, and will ac-
tually be the part of a brother. Alas! no one
else can show me the kindness of a brother: he
that was born my brother, and from my childhood
endeared himself to me by innumerable kind-
nesses, my beloved Eli, is now cold and lifeless
at the bottom of the sea. Oh! Jehovah, God of
Abraham, teach me resignation! Excuse me,
near friend, I cannot refrain; I am a poor bereft
thing; a weak creature at best, always needing
counsel and guidance, and now more than ever.
I commit myself to your care; you will indulge
my weakness, now that I am stricken, and with
my natural infirmity, have to bear a heavy load
of sorrow. You will be my guardian, my com-
forter, and—my brother."

Having said this, she seemed to feel more at
ease, as if she had discharged a portion of her
load she fell back on her couch, sobbed a little,
and then sank gently to sleep.

As the native vivacity of Judith's feelings made
the first tempo of her grief irresistibly violent,
so it caused the tempest sooner to spend its force,
and to settle down into a comparative calm.

Never had I seen such agonizing distress—nay,
such frantic desperation of grief, as seized her,
when the lightning stroke of bereavement fell so
terribly upon her. By the morning of the third
day, however, she could take some nourishment,
and converse with less frequent spasms of anguish.
But the effect on her person of the mental suf-
fering and corporeal exhaustion of the last two
days struck a deep impression of sadness upon
my heart, whenever I looked at her. Grief had
in this short time driven the rosy flush of health
from her cheeks, the sparkling radiance from her
eyes, the buoyant elasticity from her members,
and had left her faded and withered, like a scorched
blossom of the desert.

What were my feelings, when I had leisure to
reflect that this lovely drooping flower was now
under my sole care! And by what a surprising
stroke had Divine Providence driven her for shelter
to my honor and benevolence! In herself to
me the loveliest, she was made by these affecting
circumstances, the dearest by far of all earthly
beings. My passion, heretofore uncherished in
the bud, was thus nourished, expanded, matured,
and at the same time refined into the tenderest
and most unselfish feeling of fraternal affection.
If ever my breast was visited by the pure senti-
ment and seraphic glow of an angel's love, it was
now, when I looked on that countenance, pale
with sorrow—remembering how lately it shone
with the light of joyous innocence; and compar-
ing its expression then, with its present look, so
humbly submissive, yet so keenly sorrowful; so
smitten, yet so patient and holy.

On the evening of this day, she began to ex-
press regret for the inconvenience and trouble
that she would cause me the experience. I re-
plied, that if ever in future life I could look with
unalloyed satisfaction on any of my actions, it
would be upon that of restoring her to her friends,
whatever it might cost me. How feelingly did
she look at me, and say—

"The mourner's gratitude will be a poor re-
ward; but the mourner's Heavenly Friend, in
whom you have taught me to trust, will not for-
get such kindness."

I embraced the occasion to consult her about
ulterior movements, after we should have reached
the Chesapeake; asking her to tell me without
reserve which course would be most agreeable
to her; whether I should take her to Rockbridge,
until I could prepare to go with her to London;
or whether I should take her on straightway to
New-York or Boston, and thence home, leaving
deficiencies in my outfit to be supplied by the
way.

She meditated a little, and then replied that she
could not, without scruple, accept my services
to any extent that might be necessary; but that
there was no necessity of asking me to go all the
way to London; that her brother had arranged
with a friend of theirs to meet him in Boston,
where he had lately settled, and to embark with
him there for England; and that she needed,
therefore, to ask no more of my kindness than
to go with her to Boston, where that friend would
release me from further trouble on her account.

She added, that as this great extension of my
journey would add much to its expense, and none
to that which she and her brother would have in-
curred, that I would not scruple to use their
funds—especially as so unexpected and so large,
an increase of expenditure might not have been
provided for.

"But," (said she, in conclusion) "though I
would not unnecessarily trouble you to go to
London, yet if you ever find occasion to visit that
city, I claim that you give me and my friends
the opportunity of showing that we remember
what it is to deal kindly with a stranger in a
foreign land."

CHAPTER VIII.

We entered the Chesapeake after a voyage of
five days. In Hampton Roads we met a steam-
boat on her way from Norfolk to Baltimore. As
the day was pleasant, and the water smooth, we
determined to transfer ourselves at once to the
more speedy and comfortable vehicle, without
landing at Norfolk. The boat instantly obeyed
our signal, and in a few minutes we were snugly
bestowed in our new quarters, and with a mighty
pulling and splashing, were being dashed through
the waters of the "Old Dominion," at the rate of
ten miles an hour. The next day we landed at
Baltimore, where I asked Judith if her feeble
health did not require a day's rest before we pro-
ceeded any further. She acknowledged her ex-
treme debility, but thought that she could travel
in steamboats, and desired to go on whilst she
was able; so we took passage, the same afternoon,
and proceeded by way of Frenchtown to Phila-
delphia. We landed at the Chesnut street wharf
the next day at two o'clock, and took a hackney
coach to convey us to one of the principal hotels
of the city. Judith's weakness was now so great
(and to me it was alarming) that she admitted
her inability to continue our journey, until her
strength was recruited by a day's rest. A day's
rest might have been all, if an accident had not
prolonged our stay.

The coach had stopped before the door of the
hotel, my foot was on the step, and my hands
were let go to descend, when a sudden start of
the horses, which were frightened by something
unusual, threw me violently on the rough stones
of the pavement. I sprang up, unconscious of
hurt, and ran after the coach, on hearing a scream
from Judith. The horses were stopped within
ten yards. My feeble companion, with fright-
ened countenance, inquired, as I helped her out,
if I was not badly hurt?

"No, scarcely at all—yes I believe I am a lit-
tle—Ah! my ankle begins to pain me—my hip
seems to be slightly bruised."

We were now in the front parlor; before we
reached a seat I was writhing and limping badly.
She looked anxiously into my face.

"Mr. Garamé, you are seriously hurt!"

There was a degree of animation in her look
that I had not seen during the week of her
mourning. I seated her on the sofa, intending
to go instantly and speak for our rooms; but on
turning round, I felt such pangs that I dropped
down by her side, put my hand first to my ankle,
then to my hip; but intending to quiet her fears,
I said:

"'Tis true, I am a good deal hurt—oh! ah!—
but no bones are broken—I shall soon get over
it—oh! ah!"

I could not suppress the interjections, for at
every movement of the wounded muscles; a need-
le seemed to shoot through the irritated fibres.

What was my surprise to see Judith, whose
anguish had for several days made her positively
unable to walk, without assistance, now rise from
the sofa, go alone to the bar-room, adjoining
the parlour, and after speaking to the clerk, and
having two servants called, return, and when the
clerk came in, request me to order rooms for us.

I told him that the young lady was a friend of
mine, in deep distress, and that we wanted private
chambers in a retired part of the house, with a
parlor to ourselves, as the lady's situation did not
admit of her mingling with strangers. We were
accommodated in every particular. When the
servant man came and announced that our
rooms were prepared in the second story, I rose,
with difficulty, and as usual, offered Judith my
arm.

She rose without difficulty and looking in-
to my face with marks of lively concern in her's,
exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Garamé, you cannot go up the stairs
without assistance; do if you please, let this
servant call another to assist him in supporting
you."

I accepted the aid of the servant on my wound-
ed side, but persisted in keeping her on the other.
Thus we made our way up the stairs, which,
to my pleasing astonishment Judith mounted,
rather giving than receiving support. I wonder-
ed and rejoiced at this sudden amendment in my
dear charge. From the moment when she saw
me writhing with sharp pains, a new vigor was in-
fused into her debilitated frame, new animation
was visible in her face, new light beamed from
her eyes; and from this moment, while she of-
ficient with the tenderest care as my nurse, her
health and spirits continued to return with a rap-
idity which was not only surprising, but at first
unaccountable, and the more so because my suf-
ferings were a new affliction to her; she sym-
pathized keenly with every twinge of pain that
saw me endure, kept anxious watch for the min-
ute occasion to serve me, and where she could
not relieve, to share the suffering. But this pon-
derous anxiety on my account was doubtless the
cause of the happy changes in her own condition;
it effectually diverted her mind from the depres-
sing contemplation of her late disaster, gave a new
turn to the current of her feelings, started new
trains of thought, and put the terrible accident
that afflicted her, far back in the series of recent
facts and interesting experiences. Had my suf-
ferings been of a more appalling character, they
might have aggravated her malady; but they
were just sufficient to excite the languishing
powers of nature without exhausting them. Thus
she soon recovered the elasticity of her mind so
far, that she was able in some degree to control
her grief by the exercise of reason, and conscience;

and this she did, she told me a few days after-
wards, that she deemed it ungrateful and rebellious
towards God to persist wilfully in grieving for
any loss that he saw good to inflict upon us.
Therefore, although she could not avoid mourning
for the loss of her dear brother, she felt in
duty bound to reconcile herself as soon as possi-
ble to the Divine will, and to subdue a grief
which could serve no good end, except so far as
it was involuntary, and which would, if wilfully
indulged, unfit her for the duties of life and the
enjoyment of the blessings yet left to her. One
evid of grief might be, she thought, to exercise us
in subduing it; this might be one of the appointed
trials of our piety towards our Heavenly Fa-
ther, a salutary discipline to fit us for serving him
in all circumstances, whether of prosperity or ad-
versity. In these rational and devout sentiments
I fully concurred with her. But it is time to re-
sume the thread of my narrative.

I was scarcely disposed on the sofa in our par-
lor, before a surgeon (the most eminent in the
city, as I afterwards learned,) was ushered in by
a servant, and without preamble or introduction,
ordered the servant to "strip the foot." Judith
had just finished the operation of pillowing it
softly on a stool. As she rose from her reclining
posture, she whispered to me that the clerk had
sent for the surgeon; then she told the maid in
waiting to lead the way to her chamber.

The surgeon, whose abrupt order had surprised
and for a moment irritated me, glanced at my
ankle, and pronounced it badly sprained; then in
the same breath he asked:

"Have you any other hurt?"

"Yes, on my hip."

"Strip his hip, servant—quickly!"

He gave it a hasty look and a touch.

"It is only a bruise rub it with liniment, and
apply a flake of raw cotton; put a bread poultice
to your ankle."

"How long shall I be confined, doctor?"

"That will depend on your care, and on cir-
cumstances. Do not tread on that foot, drink no
stimulants, eat sparingly, and take a Seidlitz pow-
der or two daily. Good day, sir."

He spoke and was gone.

The next morning after breakfast, he called
again—asked just three questions, staid just two
minutes, and was off instantly after uttering these
words:

"Continue the same applications, till the swell-
ing and soreness abate; nurse your uncle until
it is well; a week or more if it is necessary; and
if it gets worse send for me. My hat, boy! Your
servant, sir."

I saw him no more; but I did see that he was
full of business, and had not need of complai-
sance.

Judith, my sweet nurse, was present when he
enjoined on me a week's confinement or more.—
I saw a little cloud of sadness flit over her coun-
tenance; when she heard it. I could easily con-
jecture why this detention should be unpleasant
to her, especially when I remembered what Eli
had said about the necessity of a speedy prosecu-
tion of her journey; but as to myself, shall I
confess it? the prospect of delay foisted a secret
joy into my heart in spite of bruised flesh and an-
guish, which bade me wish for a speedy return of
Judith to her friends, whatever delight I might
find in her company. But when I looked upon
my dear companion, whose eyes of reviving bright-
ness were now directed towards me, how could I
help longing for a continuance of our intercourse?

But if the desire was itself unconquerable, it did
not subdue my conscientious feeling, so as to
prevent my acting in accordance with my duty
on this occasion. I asked my dear charge what
was to be done, now—would she wait until I should
be able to travel, or would she write to her Bos-
ton friend, that he might come and meet her here?
She answered that she ought to write and make
known her situation without delay.

"Then, (said she,) having done my duty, I can
wait patiently, whether it be the will of Provi-
dence that you should carry me on further after
your recovery, or that my cousin shall be able to
come and release you from the necessity."

She retired to her room and wrote the letter.
When she came with it into the parlor, and rang
the bell for a servant to have it carried to the
Post-office, the marks of recent tears were upon
her face; and when the servant closed the door,
on going out with the missive that would proba-
bly in a few days bring her a now protector, she
turned with drooping head and staggered to a
chair. No wonder that she was deeply affected,
for the writing of that letter "renewed the ad re-
membrance of her fate." But, on! the weakness
of human nature—at least of my human nature;
for I—yes even I—so lately the purely disinter-
ested, the simple fraternal lover, now felt the wish
that a part of her emotion, even the greater part,
might be on account of her approaching separa-
tion from myself. How was my love descending
from its angelic height, and settling upon the
low grounds of human selfishness! In truth, at
this moment, when I contemplated the loss of her
society, my passion began to be ambitious of con-
quest and jealous of interference: I coveted all
the affection of that dear heart; and any suspicion
that it throbbed for others, and chiefly for them,
whilst every sight and every thought of her raised
the strongest pulsations in my heart, produced in
me an irritability and sensitiveness of feeling,
new, painful, earthly, and humiliating to think
upon. Not only how selfish, but how inconsis-
tent had my love become. It had been produc-
ed nourished and refined, in a great measur-
e, by her various manifestations of a heart, rich in
every tender, virtuous and amiable affection;
and now full grown and overgrown passion, after
being so born and bred, demanded that for its
gratification, she should feel a less dutiful affec-
tion for others, and that in order to satisfy its
cravings, she should make herself less worthy
of being loved. Still, however, if I had been sure
that love for me was seated on the throne of her
heart, I might have allowed other affections to
occupy a high but still subordinate place; but
whilst the precedence was unsettled, I was jeal-
ous of all possible rivals, even filial love was not
pleasing in my sight.

Whilst the letter was speeding its way, and we
waited for the result, and for my convalescence,
our days were spent almost exclusively in each
other's society—happy days they were to me—
transcendently happy I may call them, notwith-
standing the cloud-shadow that often flitted across
their summer brightness. I allude not to cor-
poral sufferings; for under the balmy care of the
sweetest nurse in the world, my bruises were soon
mollified, and my wrenched ankle ceased to pain
me; yet it was a week before I durst attempt the
passage from parlor to bed-chamber, and contrari-
wise, without the help of the servant who attend-
ed upon me. But too fleeting seemed the quar-
ter of a moon, which brought my dear companion
the answer from her cousin that he would follow
in two or three days, and requesting her kind
friend to stay with her until he should arrive.

"That kind friend" needed no persuasion to detain
him; nor would he have left her one day before
necessity required, if he had even had the wings
of a dove to fly away.

Meanwhile I saw with delight how Judith's
grief yielded daily to sober cheerfulness, and how
returning health was continually restoring the
vernal bloom to her cheeks, and the starry radi-
ance to her eyes. Though still a deep mourner,
she soon began to show occasionally, in placid
smiles, the budding promise of new spring-time
of the heart. When I saw the first of these re-
novated smiles illumine once more the beauties
of her countenance, what a rushing tide of joy flow-
ed through my heart!

Every day increased my admiration of this ex-
traordinary maiden. I had seen her in the days
of her joyous vivacity, drinking the pleasures of
bountiful nature from a thousand springs; every
sparkling feature and buoyant motion expressing
the gaiety of an innocent heart. Then, all in a
moment, I had seen her riven with a thunderbolt
of misfortune, and hurled into the lowest depth of
affliction. And now I saw her rising again to the
light of consolation, and walking in the mellow
shade of patient resignation and dawning cheer-
fulness. In this diversity of situation, extreme
and intermediate, every feeling of her heart, and
every trait of her character, seemed to be devel-
oped; and whatever light shades of infirmity might
be discerned, such a character of intellectual
brightness, moral purity, and unsophisticated
amiability of temper, all becomingly set forth with
such personal beauty, had never before realized
itself to my perception. Whether my fancy con-
tributed to adorn this lovely being or not, the
vision to my heart was so perfectly enchanting,
that I was rapt (if I may so express myself) with-
out prolongation (up to the third heaven of
love. Whether others have been so entranced
by the sweet passion, I cannot say; probably few—
for few indeed have been placed in such pecu-
liar circumstances—but this I know, that I
could not possibly love a mortal being—no, nor
angel—more; my heart was full.

To avoid all expression of my love until Judith
should be with her friend, as a delicate regard to
her feelings required, became at last impossible.
Whilst I abstained from verbal declarations of
more than fraternal kindness, tokens of my deeper
passion began to steal from me every hour that I
spent in her company. If the reader have felt the
strong workings of the tender passion, and observ-
ed their effects, then the reader knows that there
are a hundred signs of love more expressive than
words; signs which they whose hearts are tender-
ly attached, but not yet conclusively affianced, in-
stinctively give and instinctively understand.

Many of these are too delicate in their nature, and

pertain too exclusively to the mysteries of the
passion, to be intelligible to the uninitiated. Not
until one's heart is illuminated by nature's love-
torch, can one read the language of love spoken
by the eyes—the tender meaning that plays about
the lips—the sentiments delicately suggested by
certain undesigned postures and inadvertent mo-
tions, or by certain tremors, certain touches of the
hand—the interesting significance of certain ac-
cents, tones and stammerings of the voice, flush-
ing blanchings of the cheek—all expressive; and
the more so, because, to be felt by the one party,
they must spring undesignedly from the feelings
of the other; they are nature's language; and
therefore inimitable by the feigning pretender,
who, attempting to act without feeling, is almost
sure to the exposed the instinctive sagacity of real
passion.

Such signs I could no more repress than I could
have staid the eruption of a volcano. I detected
them springing involuntarily forth in every form
and on every occasion. They were understood
—that I saw; signs of reciprocity were not want-
ing; they broke through the guarded modesty of
Judith's heart; they could not escape the vigilant
sagacity of mine. My satisfaction would have
been complete, my joy unbounded, had these
auspicious tokens come alone. But they came
attended with others of such sinister omen, as to
baffle my judgment, and beloyed my hope. To-
kens of pain attached themselves to the tokens of
her love. When she appeared to apprehend in me
the symptoms of more than a brother's love, na-
ture speaking back from her heart flashed through
every avenue of expression, told me that my love
was both pleasant and painful to her soul. When-
ever something in my voice and manner indicat-
ed the ardor of my feelings, the tremulous joy
that sprang forth in her tell-tale countenance, was
in a moment suffused by a twinge of anguish,
as I have seen on a rainy day, the blooming mead-
ow of my native vale, when the flashing beam of
sunlight that disclosed its flowery beauties was
suddenly extinguished again by the shadow of the
rain-cloud.

A remarkable instance of the kind took place
on the fifth morning after the letter had been
sent. We had just finished our private breakfast,
and Judith was asking if my ankle were not in a
painful position on the stool, where I still kept
it during most of the day, when a servant brought
up a newspaper with the landlord's compliments
and suggestions, that we might find something in it
particularly interesting to ourselves. On glanc-
ing over the columns, I found an article taken
from a Norfolk paper, and headed "Affecting In-
cident at Sea." I soon discovered that it was our
captain's account of poor Eli's fate and of Judith's
fall and rescue. He had done full justice to my
agency in the affair, but stated as a conjecture
of his own that Judith and I (but only the
initials were given) betrothed in marriage.

Judith perceiving my agitation, asked with
great concern whether I had found any bad
news.

"Nothing new to us—it is the captain's story
of our misfortune. You will have to read for
yourself. One of the circumstances mentioned
by the captain is a mistake, you may pardon that
as all the rest is correct."

She took the paper with a trembling hand,
and retired into her room, which, like mine,
opened into the parlor. Presently I heard her
half-suppressed sobs, then she was silent dur-
ing a few moments; then as if moved by a
sudden impulse, she started up with the excla-
mation—

"My preserver! and I know it not; I might
have gone home without knowing my chief obli-
gation to him!"

She was hastened towards to open door, but
stopped where I could see that she was still rend-
ing. Soon she again returned to her seat, where
I could not see her and sat in profound silence
for a quarter of an hour.

It may be readily supposed Judith was not
sensible of the part that I had acted in rescuing
her from the sea (if indeed she could remember
that she fell into it); and that she was not likely
to be informed, unless I had told her myself,
which my sense of delicacy forbade, though I
was not displeased that she should learn it in such
time and way as she did. Nor was I sorry for
the mistake about our betrothal because it might
obviate disagreeable remarks about our secluded
intimacy in this hotel: and, moreover, it might
assist me in judging how the idea of such a re-
very embarrassing situation, impelled as she was
by gratitude to rush in and make her acknowl-
edgments, yet restrained by the fear that I might
give the wrong interpretation to the warm ex-
pression of her feelings.

Finally, she again rose from her seat and came
into the parlor, slowly and stealthily, hanging
down her head as if alarmed. My heart palpit-
ated and I felt confused, not knowing how I should
receive her; so I seemed not to be aware of her ap-
proach, and kept my eyes on the floor, as if en-
gaged in meditation. She stood a minute at the
end of the sofa, opposite to that which I occu-
pied, with my lame foot on the stool. I looked up
towards her at last; she had her eyes fixed on
me with a look of indescribable tenderness and
sadness. Her eyes were mine, and the mutual
glance of feeling—because her; she put her
handkerchief to her face with both hands, and
drooped to her seat on the sofa, exclaiming, "Oh,
my preserver! and I know it not!"

"Thank God my dear Judith that I was able
to preserve so precious a life!"

She recovered, after a few moments, sufficient-
ly to say—"I can never compensate you, my
friend; but I am not sorry to be under obliga-
tion to such a benefactor—one more than a com-
mon friend—a brother who risked his own life
to save mine—yes, a kind, good brother—alas!

